



BOASTFULNESS INvariably THE CHILD OF IGNORANCE AND VANITY

(Written Specially For The Bulletin.)

One of the outstanding characteristics of the Great American People is our tendency to brag. We brag about ourselves as a whole. We brag about what we are. We brag about what we have. We brag about what we do. We brag about what we have done and about what we are going to do. Our middle name is brag.

New a proper appreciation of one's own value is an asset in life. No doubt of that. And a blowing of one's own horn upon fit occasion, is without doubt effective advertising. People who are so constituted that all life is to them but a daily adding up of assets and liabilities, and all Nature but a bit stimulant on which to paint the merits of their particular breakfast food, can't see anything but good in this national trait. They say it spells energy and ambition and efficiency. Perhaps it does—sometimes.

ASTHMA

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There are other times when it spells simply insufferable conceit; when it is the offspring of ignorance, and the mere vaporing of a puerile vanity.

We are inclined to pat our own backs a little too much, for instance, over the way "we" won the great war. Considering the utter ineptitude with which our government prepared for the war, our preparation; considering the cowardice from which it entered the war; considering the dishonesty with which it at last made a mere pretext its excuse; considering that our final entry was made with such lack of preparation and such poverty of material that we had to rely upon British ships to carry our army, and upon French cannon to fight with, and upon borrowed air-planes to protect our front—oh, well, what's the use specifying details in such a Pacific ocean of inefficiency?

Perhaps one concrete illustration that has recently come to hand may serve to indicate the difference between the way we did things and the way a sensible government did them.

When we finally broke into the war, we had to start our part of it by getting things ready to begin to prepare. That sounds a little mixed, but it isn't really half as badly mixed as the facts it is intended to suggest were. We went to war when we had neither an army nor a navy, neither rifles nor cartridges,

neither cannon nor ammunition, neither ships nor air-planes, neither uniforms to equip our raw levies nor tents to shelter them not even flags enough to mark their encampments. Having neglected the things we should have done when there was time to do them and to do them right, we had, at last, to do them when it wasn't time to do them else. One of the first things was to get up barracks. Camps, cantonnements, whatever you may call 'em—to shelter the recruits till they could be hurriedly trained as soldiers. It is in this detail that the instance I have in mind occurred.

Some government idiot having evolved the "cost plus" scheme, profiteering contractors saw their golden opportunity. Of course, the bigger they made the "cost," the bigger was the profit from the "plus." It was just "finding money" for them. No possibility of loss; no chance of failure; profit as sure as sunrise; and the bigger the cost was the bigger the profit to be secured. Oh, it surely was a "cinch" if there ever was one. And so this particular contractor, whom we hear about put up a barracks building on the "cost plus" plan. We are not told whether he built it of mahogany and sandal wood, or whether he put in solid silver door-knobs, or whether he paid unskilled laborers \$10 a day to stand around in the way of the carpenter. Whatever he did, he made it cost the government \$150,000. Why shouldn't he? The people were shovelling money into the treasury for the treasury to dredge out to just such folks as he. The government paid him his \$150,000. It has just sold him back the building for \$4,000.

That's a single concrete illustration of the "wisdom" and the "economy" and the "efficiency" with which government business was done and is still—worse luck! being done.

Now, in contrast, take another single concrete illustration from England. That country, too, was taken by surprise at the breaking out of the war. It wasn't ready. It had to fight and get ready both at the same time, much as we did. It had to build all sorts of shops and factories in a hurry. Among others was one erected early in the war at a cost to the government of \$2,500,000. It served its turn during the war. Then its purpose was accomplished. But did the English government throw it away or sell it back for a song to the contractor? Hardly. The English government has recently sold that same shop to a private

manufacturer for something like \$2,000,000.

When some of my neighbors, whose only part in the war was taken from the safe back-side of some New England hill, begin to brag about what "we" did and how we did it, I drag in this little story. (By the horns, if I can't get it in any other way.) It seems to have a very chilling effect on the growth of the brag ferment.

I wish I had as good and appropriate a tale ready at hand for the confusion of some of the farmers from Bragville whom I occasionally meet. For the farming business produces its full quota of braggarts. And they are not half as nice companions to meet as they think themselves to be. Indeed, boastfulness in any quarter and from any source is apt to be about the most uninteresting form of human communication possible. That it is so general makes it more the less disagreeable. "Let another man praise thee and not thine own mouth," was said a long time ago, but is, nevertheless, good advice for these latest times.

Especially in farming operations where success depends in such large measure on conditions over which we farmers have but small control—especially in such conditions is modesty of assertion indicated as acutely.

For, no matter how adept we farmers may be at self-deception, the truth is and we all know it, that three times out of four any striking success we may attain is due more to favoring fortune than to our own skill.

It isn't necessary to minimize the importance of industry and judgment to maintain this. Without the aid of those qualities the blessings of good fortune are seldom real gains. But it remains incontestable that, without the aid of outside conditions, our best laid plans and our most strenuous industry seldom avail for any striking success.

Paul may plant and Apollon may water and a whole bench of bishops bless and a whole faculty of college professors advise—but the increase comes from another quarter, if it comes at all.

For what avail? The plow or fruit? Phosphate or sweat? Or sunshine fall?

Or the early and the latter rains? Or the due summer heat? Or any other of the conditions which make for plant growth?

It is quite possible for a farmer to set out to raise the biggest pumpkin in

the county. He may test his soil, and experiment with his fertilizers, and study up the moral of vine pruning, and use all attainable skill and care in every process he performs. Once in a while he will succeed. But, three times out of four, some fellow who dropped a pumpkin seed by accident through a hole in his pocket while he was planting something else will come to the county fair with a bigger Jack o' lantern than he. In the rare cases where he succeeds he's apt to brag loud enough to be heard from Lebanon Green to Ledyard cove. In the other event, the other fellow brags just as loudly.

Yet in neither case is there any sound basis for the boasting.

Doubtless, it is too much to expect any noticeable improvement in this characteristic till human nature has risen above its present low level.

Perhaps the biggest help we can any of us do to boost the reform is to make it perfectly clear that boastfulness is almost invariably the child of ignorance and vanity, always bearing the instilled likeness of both in its favored parentage.

The more a man knows the more overwhelming becomes the consciousness of his own ignorance. That's the inevitable consequence of true knowledge. The little we really know enforces upon us a broadening comprehension of the immensities we do not know. In such a state of mind there is no temptation to brag.

While it is never absolutely safe to generalize from specific instances, there isn't much risk in assuming, when somebody begins to brag about his success in producing this, that, or the other bumble crop, that he wouldn't brag if he only knew enough to appreciate his own comparative unimportance in the bringing to pass of the result. If the ordinary back-store braggart could be brought to see that his hearers regarded him with the half-amused pity due to overweening ignorance, he'd be much less likely to make a show of himself before them.

Probably people will continue to brag about something or other as long as peacocks strut and roosters crow.

Nevertheless, the peacock's strut and the rooster's crow are about as useless as any two things you can happen to think of in a summer's day.

And the bragging farmer is apt to be of quite as little account, when it comes to matters of real farming, as either one of them.

THE FARMER.

The short lie often casts a long shadow

1,000 PULLETS START IN TENTH LAYING CONTEST

The tenth annual laying contest at Storrs started off promptly on November 1st with 1,000 of the finest pullets in the land participating in the race. As in previous competitions there are 100 pens of ten birds each. These 1,000 hens are distributed geographically as follows: Connecticut 250, Massachusetts 150, New York State 150, New Jersey 120, Rhode Island and New Hampshire 50 each, Pennsylvania 30, Oregon 20, and 10 each from Vermont, Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, Texas, Washington, Ontario and British Columbia. Classified by breeds there are 200 White Leghorns, 270 Rhode Island Reds, 80 White Rocks, 60 Barred Rocks, 45 White Wyandottes, and 10 each of Buff Wyandottes, Light Brahmas, Orpingtons, Buff Leghorns and Black Leghorns.

The management of the contest followed its usual custom and invited outside experts to Storrs during the first week in November in order to give the new contest the best possible start. Dr. O. R. Kent of Cornell University, Professor A. S. Phillips of Purdue University and Professor H. R. Lewis supervisor of the laying and breeding contest at Vineland, N. J., inspected every pen of pullets during the first week of the contest. Every reasonable precaution has been taken to make sure that the birds are in good health and that they are representative of the several breeds they stand for.

At the end of the first week a pen of White Wyandottes entered by Obed G. Knight from Bridgeton, R. I., was leading the entire field with a yield of 51 eggs. Such an unusually high score during the first week in prima facie evidence that this pen was in perfect condition to start the race. A pen of White Leghorns owned by Mendowedge Farm at Cedarhurst, L. I., was second best pen for the first week with a yield of 35 eggs. Old Town Farm's pen of Rhode Island Reds from Peterboro, N. H., was a close third with a production of 25 eggs. Mount Hope Farm's pen of Leghorns from Wilmington, Mass., was fourth best with a yield of 23 eggs. White Wyandottes entered by Clemens J. Diamond from New Britain, Conn., tied for fifth place with F. H. Sampson's Rhode Island Reds from Springfield, Mass. Each pen laid 11 eggs. The total yield for all pens was 844 eggs or a yield of a little over 12 per cent. This is 51 eggs better than the average from 6,000 hens during the past six years.

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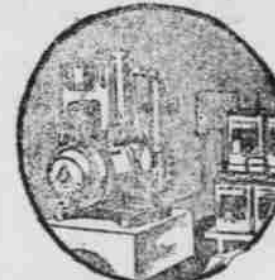
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F. H. Sampson, Springfield, Mass.	21
Jacob E. Jansen, North Haven,	
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H. S. Bickford, Grotonville, N. H.	22
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L. I.	26
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aan, Conn.	6
H. D. Emmons (White Wyandotte)	
Plymouth, Conn.	1

Stiff? Sore?

A lame back, a sore muscle or a stiff joint often is considered too lightly by the sufferer. It should be remembered that backache, rheumatic pains, stiffness, soreness, yellow skin and puffiness under the eyes are symptoms of kidney and bladder trouble—and these certainly should not be neglected.

Foley Kidney Pills

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